

The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer, because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with \$10,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recounts him, and decides to denounce him. She sees the brutal note issued from drawing by Griswold. She talks to Griswold and by his advice sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith's attorney, Broffin. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after snatching himself properly, takes the train. Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for social reform by the "old families" of the town. Griswold falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery, who finds the money in his suitcase. Broffin, who lives in the town, Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into business hot water and then bring him out of it. Griswold resolves to find the stolen money gone. He meets Margery's social circle and forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Maurice, I've got to find that young woman if I have to chase her half-way round the globe, and it's tough luck to figure out that if you hadn't been in such a blurring h-l of a hurry to get your supper that night, I might be able to catch up with her in the next forty-eight hours or so. But what's done is done, and can't be helped. Chase out and get your passenger list for that trip. We'll take the woman as they come, and when you've helped me cull out the names of the ones you're sure it wasn't, I'll screw my nut and quit busing you." The clerk went below and returned almost immediately with the list. Together they went over it carefully, and by dint of much memory-wrangling Maurice was able to give the detective leave to cancel ten of the 17 names in the women's list, the remaining seven including all the might-have-beens who could possibly be fitted into the clerk's recollection of the woman he had seen clinging to the saloon deck stanchion after her interview with the deckhand. It was while he was waiting for the departure of the first north-bound train that he planned the search for the young woman, arranging the names of the seven might-have-beens in the order of accessibility as indi-



"I've Got to Find That Young Woman if I Chase Her 'Round the Globe."

ated by the addresses given in the Belle Julie's register. In this arrangement Miss Charlotte Farnham's name stood as No. 1. Landing in Wahaska the next evening, Broffin's first request at the hotel counter was for the directory. Running an eager finger down the "F's," he came to the name. It was the only Farnham in the list, and after it he read: "Dr. Herbert G., office 3 to 10, 7 to 4, 201 Main St., res. 16 Lake boulevard."

Then he registered for a room and prepared to draw the net which he hoped would entangle the lost identity of the bank robber. After a good night's sleep in a real bed, he awoke refreshed and alert, breakfasted with an open mind, and presently went about the net drawing methodically and with every contingency carefully provided for.

The first step was to assure himself beyond question that Miss Farnham was the writer of the unsigned letter. This step he was able, by a piece of great good fortune, to take almost immediately. A bit of morning gossip with the obliging clerk of the Wahashago house developed the fact that Doctor Farnham's daughter had once taught in the free kindergarten which was one of the charitable outcrochings of the Wahaska public library. Two blocks east and one south, Broffin walked them promptly, made himself known to the librarian as a visitor interested in kin-

dergarten work, and was cheerfully shown the records. When he turned to the pages signed "Charlotte Farnham" the last doubt vanished and assurance was made sure. The anonymous letter writer was found.

It was just here that Matthew Broffin fell under the limitations of his trade. Though the detective in real life is as little as may be like the Inspector Buckets and the Javerts of fiction, certain characteristics persist. When he found himself face to face with the straightforward expedient, the craft limitations bound him. He thought of a dozen good reasons why he should make haste slowly; and he recognized in none of them the craftsman's slant toward indirection—the tradition of the trade which discounts the straightforward attack and puts a premium upon the methods of the deer-stalker.

Sooner or later, of course, the attack must be made. But only an apprentice, he told himself, would be foolish enough to make it without mapping out all the hazards of the ground over which it must be made. In a word, he must "place" Miss Farnham precisely; make a careful study of the young woman and her environment, to the end that every thread of advantage should be in his hands when he should finally force her to a confession. For by now the assumption that she knew the mysterious bank robber was no longer hypothetical in Broffin's mind; it had grown to the dimensions of a conviction.

With the patient curiosity of his tribe he suffered no detail, however trivial, to escape his jolting down. To familiarize himself with the goings and comings of one young woman he made the acquaintance of an entire town. He knew Jasper Grierson's ambition, and its fruition in the practical ownership of Wahaska. He knew that Edward Raymer had borrowed money from Grierson's bank—and was likely to be unable to pay it when his notes fell due. He had heard it whispered that there had once been a love affair between young Raymer and Miss Farnham, and that it had been broken off by Raymer's infatuation for Margery Grierson. Also, last and least important of all the gossiping details, as it seemed at the time, he learned that the bewitching Miss Grierson was a creature of fads; that within the past month or two she had returned from a Florida trip, bringing with her a sick man, a total stranger, who had been picked up on the lake shore and nursed back to life as Miss Grierson's latest defiance of the conventions.

It should have been a memorable day for Matthew Broffin when he had this sick man pointed out to him as Miss Grierson's companion in the high trap. But Broffin was sufficiently human to see only a very beautiful young woman sitting correctly erect on the slanting driving-seat. To be sure, he saw a man, as one sees a vanishing figure in a kaleidoscope. But there was nothing in the clean-shaven face of the patient, and as yet rather haggard, convalescent to evoke the faintest thrill of interest—or of memory.

CHAPTER XV.

In the Burglar-Proof.

A week and a day after the opening of new vistas at Miss Grierson's evening, Griswold-Raymer's interest-riding with the Widow Holcomb having paved the way—took a favorable opportunity of announcing his intention of leaving Mereside. It figured as a grateful disappointment to him—one of the many she was constantly giving him—that Margery placed no obstacles in the way of the intention. On the contrary, she approved the plan.

"I know how you feel," she said, nodding complete comprehension. "You want to have a place that you can call your own; a place where you can go and come as you please and settle down to work. You are going to work, aren't you?—on the book, I mean?"

Griswold replaced in its proper niche the volume he had been reading. It was Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and he had been wondering by what ironical chance it had found a place in the banker's library. "Yes; that is what I mean to do," he returned. "But it will have to be done in such scraps and parings of time as I can save from some bread-and-butter occupation. One must eat to live, you know."

She was sitting on the arm of one of the big library lounging-chairs and looking up at him with a smile that was suspiciously innocent and child-like. "You mean that you will have to work for your living?" she asked. "Exactly." "What were you thinking of doing?" "I don't know," he confessed. Again he surprised the lurking smile in the velvety eyes, but this time it was half-mischivous. "We have a college here in Wahaska, and you might get a place on the faculty," she suggested; adding: "As an instructor in philosophy, for example."

"Philosophy? that is the one thing shine in a sick room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is not interested in them. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, learn to keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and your aches under pleasant smiles. No one cares to know whether you have earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile. A good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic and hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well. Don't bother others when they wish to work. Because you are a loafer you should not force others to become so. Perform your manuring in your own boudoir, not in the street car, where there is no escape for others. If you must pick your teeth, do not do so in public.

In the world that I know least about." "Oh, but I do mean it, honestly," she averred. "You are a philosopher, really and truly, and I can prove it. Do you feel equal to another little drive downtown?" "Being a philosopher, I ought to be equal to anything," he postulated; and he went upstairs to get a street coat and his hat.

She had disappeared when he came down again, and he went out to sit on the sun-warmed veranda while he waited. He had already forgotten what she had said about the object of the drive—the proving of the philosophic charge against him—and was looking forward with keenly pleasurable anticipations to another outing with her, the second for that day. It had come to this, now; to admitting frankly the charm which he was still calling sensuous, and which, in the moments of insight recurring, as often as they can be borne to the imaginative, and vouchsafed now and then even to the wayfaring, he was still disposed to characterize as an appeal to that which was least worthy in him.

Passing easily to Miss Farnham the ideal from Miss Grierson the flesh-and-blood reality, he was moved to wonder mildly why the fate which had brought him twice into critically intimate relations with her was now denying him even a chance meeting. For a week or more he had been going out daily; sometimes with Miss Grierson in the trap, but oftener aloof and



"Open That Box on the Table, Please."

alone. The walking excursions had led him most frequently up and down the lakeside drive, but the doctor's house stood well back in its enclosure, and there was much shrubbery. Once he heard her voice; she was reading aloud to someone on the vine-screened porch. And once again in passing, he had caught a glimpse of a shapely arm with the loose sleeve falling away from it as it was thrust upward through the porch greenery to pluck a bud from the crimson rambler, adding its graceful mass to the clambering vines. It was rather disappointing, but he was not impatient. In the fullness of time the destiny which had twice intervened would intervene again. He was as certain of it as he was of the day-to-day renewal of his strength and vitality; and he could afford to wait. For, whatever else might happen in a mutable world, neither an ideal nor its embodiment may suffer change.

As if to add the touch of definiteness to the presumptive conclusion, a voice broke in upon his reverie; the voice of the young woman whose most alluring charm was her many-sided changefulness, as if she had marked his preoccupied gaze and divined its object: "You must have a little more patience, Mr. Griswold. All things come to him who waits. When you have left Mereside finally, Doctor Bertie will come to take you home to dinner with him."

For his own peace of mind, Griswold hastily assured himself that it was only the wildest of chance shots. Since the day when he had admitted that he knew Miss Farnham's name without knowing Miss Farnham in person, the doctor's daughter had never been mentioned between them. "How did you happen to guess that I was thinking of the good doctor?" he asked, curiously.

"You were not thinking of Doctor Bertie; you were thinking of Doctor Bertie's only," was the laughing contradiction; and Griswold was glad that the coming of the man with the trap saved him from the necessity of falling any farther into what might easily prove to be a dangerous pitfall. It was not the first time that Miss Grierson had seemed able to read his inmost thoughts.

The short afternoon drive paused at the curb in front of Jasper Grierson's bank and a moment later he found himself bringing up the rear of a procession of three, led by a young woman with a bunch of keys at her girdle. "Number three-forty-five-A, please," his companion was saying to the young woman custodian, and he stood aside and admired the workmanship of the complicated time-locks while the two entered the electric-lighted safety deposit vault and jointly opened one of the multitude of small safes. When Miss Grierson came out, she was carrying a small, japanned document box under her arm, and her eyes were shining with a soft light that was new to the man who was waiting in the corridor. "Come with me to one of the coupon rooms," she said; and

then to the custodian: "You needn't stay; I'll ring when we want to be let out." Griswold followed in mild bewilderment when she turned aside to one of the little mahogany-lined cells set apart for the use of the safe-holders, saw her press the button which switched the lights on, and mechanically obeyed her signal to close the door. When their complete privacy was assured, she put the japanned box on the tiny table and motioned him to one of the two chairs.

"Do you know why I have brought you here?" she asked, when he was sitting within arm's-reach of the small black box. "How should I?" he said. "You take me where you please, and when you please, and I ask no questions. I am too well content to be with you to care very much about the whys and wherefores."

"Oh, how nicely you say it!" she commended, with the frank little laugh which he had come to know and to seek to provoke. She was standing against the opposite cell wall with her shoulders squared and her hands behind her; the pose, whether intentional or natural, was dramatically perfect and altogether bewitching. "I was born to be your fairy godmother, I think," she went on joyously. "Tell me; when you bought your ticket to Wahaska that night in St. Louis, were you meaning to come here to find work?"

"No," he admitted; "I had money, then." "What became of it?" "I don't know. I suppose it was stolen from me on the train. It was in a package in one of my suitcases; and Doctor Farnham said—"

"I know; also he told you that we didn't find any money?" "Yes; he told me that, too. We agreed that somebody must have gone through the grips on the train." "So you just let the money go?" "So I just let it go."

She was laughing again and the be-dazzling eyes were dancing with delight. "I told you I was going to prove that you are a philosopher!" she exclaimed. "Sour old Diogenes himself couldn't have been more superbly indifferent to the goods the gods provide. Open that box on the table, please."

He did it half-absently; at the first sight of the brown-paper packet within, the electric bulb suspended over the table seemed to grow black and the mahogany walls of the tiny room to spin dizzily. Then, with a click that he fancied he could hear, the buzzing mental machinery stopped and reversed itself. A cold sweat, clammy and sickening, started out on him when he realized that the reversal had made him once again the crafty, cornered criminal, ready to fight or fly—or to slay, if a life stood in the way of escape. Without knowing what he did, he closed the box and got upon his feet, eyeing her with a growing ferocity that he could neither banish nor control.

"I see; you were a little beforehand with the doctor," he said, and he strove to say it naturally; to keep the malignant devil that was whispering in his ear from dictating the tone as well as the words. "I was, indeed; several days before-hand," she boasted, still joyously exultant.

"You—you opened the package?" he went on, once more pushing the impotent devil aside. "Naturally. How else would I have known that it was worth locking up?" Her coolness astounded him. If she knew the whole truth—and the demon at his ear was assuring him that she must know it—she must also know that she was confronting a great peril; the peril of one who voluntarily shuts himself into a trap with the fear-maddened wild thing for which the trap was baited and set. He was steeading himself with a hand on the table when he said: "Well, you opened the package; what did you find out?"

"What did I find out?" He heard her half-sarcastic repetition of his query, and for one fitting instant he made sure that he saw the fear of death in the wide-open eyes that were lifted to his. But the next instant the eyes were laughing at him, and she was going on confidently. "Of course, as soon as I untied the string I saw it was money—a lot of money; and you can imagine that I tied it up again, quickly, and didn't lose any more time than I could help in putting it away in the safest place I could think of. Every day since you began to get well, I've been expecting you to say something about it; but as long as you wouldn't, I wouldn't."

Slowly the blood came back into the saner channels, and the whispering demon at his ear grew less articulate. He took the necessary forward step and stood before her. And his answer was no answer at all. "Miss Grierson—Margery—are you telling me the truth?—all of it?" he demanded, seeking to pinion the soul which lay beyond the deepest depth of the limpid eyes. Her laugh was as cheerful as a bird song. "Telling you the truth? How could you suspect me of such a thing! No, my good friend; no woman ever tells a man the whole truth when she can help it. I didn't find your money, and I didn't look it up in papa's vault; I am merely playing a part in a deep and diabolical plot to—"

Griswold forgot that he was her poor begliary; forgot that she had taken him in as her guest; forgot, in the mad joy of the reactionary moment, everything that he should have remembered—saw nothing, thought of nothing save the flushed face with its glowing eyes and tempting lips: the eyes and lips of the daughter of men.

Above all, lose no chance of giving pleasure. You will pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that you can do or any kindness that you can show any human being, you had better do it now. Don't defer or neglect it, for you will not pass this way again.

Public Health Work. Although local public health organization in America is over two hundred years old, it is still the weakest part of our defense against disease, according to Dr. J. W. Kerr of Washington, D. C., assistant surgeon general of the United States public health service. In many rural districts no attempt is made at health supervision, while in other places the compensation is so small as to make satisfactory public health work impossible. These conditions, Doctor Kerr says, are largely due to lack of recognition by the public of the value of full-time health officers to the community. Recent advances in Maryland, New York and Massachusetts providing for

sanitary districts and reasonably paid health officers encourage the hope of better things in the future. In Doctor Kerr's opinion physicians should not only advocate public health work, but should engage in it to a greater degree than heretofore.

Had Heard Her. "Are you going to the musicale at the Robinson's tonight?" "I don't know. Are they going to have music or is Josephine going to sing?"

She had risen to meet him by the time he had mounted the steps, and he knew that her first glance was appraisive. He had confidently counted upon being mistaken for a strange patient in search of the doctor, and he was not disappointed.

"You are looking for Doctor Farnham?" she began. "He is at his office—201 Main street." Broffin was digging in his pocket for a card.

"I know well enough where your father's office is, but you are the one I wanted to see," he said; and he gave her the round-cornered card with its blazonment of his name and employment.

He was watching her narrowly when she read the name and its underlines, and the quick indrawing of the breath and the little shudder that went with it were not thrown away upon him. But the other signs; the pressing of the even teeth upon the lower lip and the coming and going of three straight lines between the half-closed eyes were not so favorable.

"Will you come into the house, Mr.—" she had to look at the card again to get the name—"Mr. Broffin," she asked.

"Thank you, miss; it's plenty good enough out here for me if it is for you," he returned, beginning to fear that the common civilities were giving her time to get behind her defenses.

"I guess we can take it for granted that you know what I want, Miss Farnham," he began abruptly, when he had shifted his chair to face her rocker. "Something like three months ago, or thereabouts, you went into a bank in New Orleans to get a draft cashed. While you were at the paying tellers' window a robbery was committed, and you saw it done and saw the man that did it. I've come to get you to tell me the man's name."

"I have told it once, in a letter to Mr. Galbraith." Broffin nodded. "Yes; in a letter that you didn't sign. I've come all the way from New Orleans to get you to tell me his real name, Miss Farnham."

"Why do you think I can tell you?" was the undisturbed query. "A lot of little things," said the detective, who was slowly coming to his own in the matter of self-assurance. "In the first place, he spoke to you in the bank, and you answered him. Isn't that so?"

She nodded again. "You know so much, it is surprising that you don't know it all, Mr. Broffin," she commented, with gentle sarcasm. "The one thing I don't know is the thing you're going to tell me—his real name," he insisted. "That's what I've come here for."

In spite of her inexperience, which, in Mr. Broffin's field, was no less than total, Charlotte Farnham had imagination, and with it a womanly zest for the matching of wits with a man whose chief occupation was the measuring of his own wit against the subtle cleverness of criminals. Therefore she accepted the challenge.

"I did my whole duty at the time, Mr. Broffin," she demurred, with a touch of coldness in her voice. "If you were careless enough to let him escape you at St. Louis, you shouldn't come to me. I might say very justly that it was never any affair of mine."

Matthew Broffin's gifts were subtle only in his dealings with other men; but he was shrewd enough to know that his last and best chance with a woman lay in an appeal to her fears. "I don't know what made you write this letter, in the first place," he said, taking the well-thumbed paper from his coat pocket; "but I know well enough now why you didn't sign it, and why you didn't put the man's real name in it. You—you and him—fixed it up between you so that you could say to yourself afterwards what you've just said to me—that you'd done your duty. But you haven't finished doing your duty yet. The law says—"

"I know very well that the law says," was her baffling rejoinder; "I have taken the trouble to find out since I came home. I am not hiding your criminal."

Broffin was trying to gain a little ease by tilting his chair. But the house wall was too close behind him. "People will say that you are helping to hide him as long as you won't tell his real name—what?" he grated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ILLINOIS GOING DRY. Illinois had twenty-eight prohibition counties when the women were asked to assist in destroying the saloon by their votes. They responded by driving them out of twenty-three additional counties at the first election. Four more counties were made dry this year, making a total of fifty-five. Seventy county seats are 677, 1,254 out of 1,459 townships in the state have outlawed the saloon. Not one foot of dry territory has been changed to wet during the two years from May 1, 1913, to May 1, 1915.

SOLDIERS DENIED LIQUOR. Pursuant to an order issued by Colonel Arthur B. Donnelly, the 1,100 members of the First regiment, National Guard of Missouri, find themselves aboard the water wagon. The order prohibits the use of liquor by every officer and every private.

PAY BONDED INDEBTEDNESS. Bedford county, Pennsylvania, by reason of having been free from saloons for some time, has been able to make the final payment of its bonded indebtedness of \$34,000.

PROHIBITION PROGRESS. (By JAMES MIDDLETON, in World's Work.) About two years ago Mr. William Jennings Bryan gave a diplomatic dinner in Washington, distinguished particularly by the absence of wine. Immediately the world burst into a roar of laughter; Europeans, especially, hailed the proceeding as an amusing illustration of American provincialism. A few months ago the king of England announced that he would himself abstain from alcoholic drinks for the rest of the war, and that wines would no longer be served in any of the royal households. Nine American states have adopted prohibition in the last eight months. France has legally forbidden the manufacture and sale of absinthe, and the Russian empire is "dryer" at the present moment than Kansas or Maine ever were. Facts like these testify to the progress that the cause of antialcoholism has made in less than a year. When the leader of the most sophisticated society in Europe follows the example of our own somewhat homespun secretary of state, the cause of teetotalism has ceased to be ridiculous.

THE SOCIALIST VIEW. The special committee appointed by the Socialists a year ago to study the liquor problem says in its report, presented May 13 to the national committee in Chicago that "total abstinence is the only absolutely safe and wise course to pursue" in view of the disastrous effects of excessive drinking.

Many of the authorities quoted in the report in condemnation of beer are German. Among alcohol's recorded opponents are 800 German and Austrian doctors. One statement is that "beer is not the harmless beverage many of the German people think it is."

"The Socialist party," declares the report, "cannot remain indifferent or inactive, but should take a definite position and active part in combatting the evils of alcoholism."

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Temperance

Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

EFFECTS OF BEER DRINKING. The political strength of liquor is furnished by the wine and beer drinkers. Whisky interests may be better organized than the brewers and interfere more actively in politics, but the votes which make possible the sale of intoxicants are not furnished by whisky drinkers, who do not always vote as they drink. The beer drinker generally will vote to protect his habit, because he is far from convinced of its malignancy.—From Editorial in Chicago Tribune.

And that is why the W. C. T. U. and other temperance organizations are bringing to the masses the truth about beer and its malignant effects upon the human organism. Concerning those effects the Life Extension Institute says in a published statement: "One-half of one quart of beer is sufficient to distinctly impair memory, lower intellectual power and retard simple mental processes, such as the addition of simple figures. This narcotic or deadening influence is first exerted on the higher reasoning powers that control conduct, so that the lower activities of the mind and nervous system are for a time released. The everyday, well-poised, self-controlled man goes to sleep, as it were, and the primitive man temporarily wakes up. Eventually, the nervous system is narcotized, and the drinker becomes sleepy. Muscular efficiency is at first increased a little, and then lowered, the total effect being a loss of working power."

A CORRECTION. Newspapers and magazines are continually publishing erroneous statements with regard to the number of dry states. A leading weekly periodical publishes a prohibition map showing 17. Iowa is omitted. A writer in one of the June magazines gives the number as 16. Iowa and Idaho both being counted among the wets. Up to September 21, 1914, there were nine prohibition states. Since that time nine more have been added. The 18 prohibition states, in the order of their going dry, are:

Table listing prohibition states in order of their going dry: Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, North Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Arkansas, Alabama, Idaho, Iowa.

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ILLINOIS GOING DRY. Illinois had twenty-eight prohibition counties when the women were asked to assist in destroying the saloon by their votes. They responded by driving them out of twenty-three additional counties at the first election. Four more counties were made dry this year, making a total of fifty-five. Seventy county seats are 677, 1,254 out of 1,459 townships in the state have outlawed the saloon. Not one foot of dry territory has been changed to wet during the two years from May 1, 1913, to May 1, 1915.